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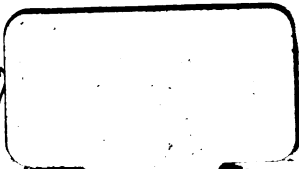


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# ECCE REGNUM!

BY

EDWARD RANDALL KNOWLES,

AUTHOR OF

"SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL,"

"THE TRUE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE,"

"THE MOST PERFECT THING IN THE WORLD,"

ETC.

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Copyright, 1891, by E. R. Knowles.

JAN 11 1932

from the Author.

## Dedication.

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TO MY WIFE.

---

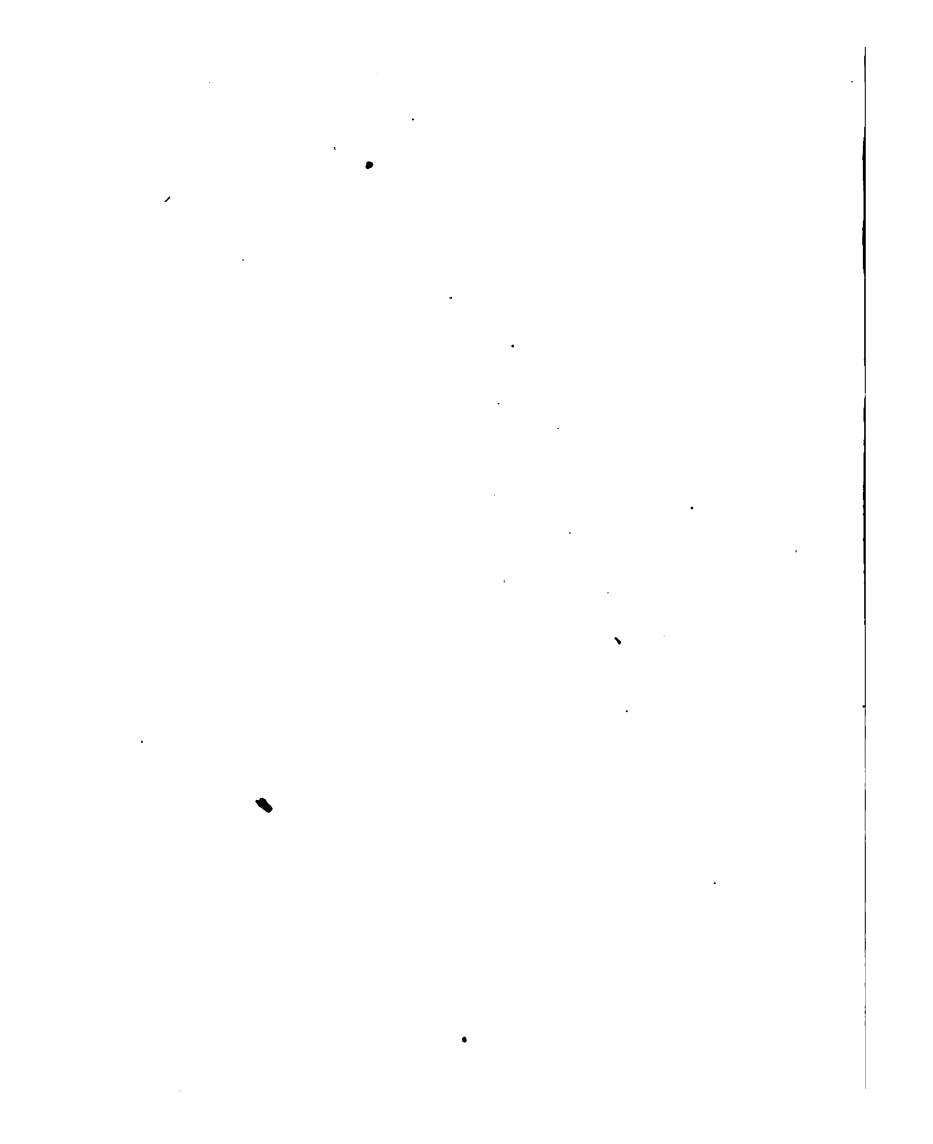
To thee, so noble, fair, and true,  
So patient, loving, kind,  
In humble verse I offer now  
The homage of my mind.

Faithful through trials thou hast proved,  
Companion, wife, and friend;  
Henceforth for all eternity  
Our love shall never end.

Thou hast a dignity beside  
The honored name of WIFE:  
MATERNITY'S bright gems enhance  
The beauty of thy life.

MOTHER so gentle, WIFE so true:  
Expression adequate  
I cannot find to tell thy worth,  
Thy merits to relate.





## ECCE REGNUM !

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“ My kingdom is not of this world.”  
“ Behold, the kingdom of God is within you.”

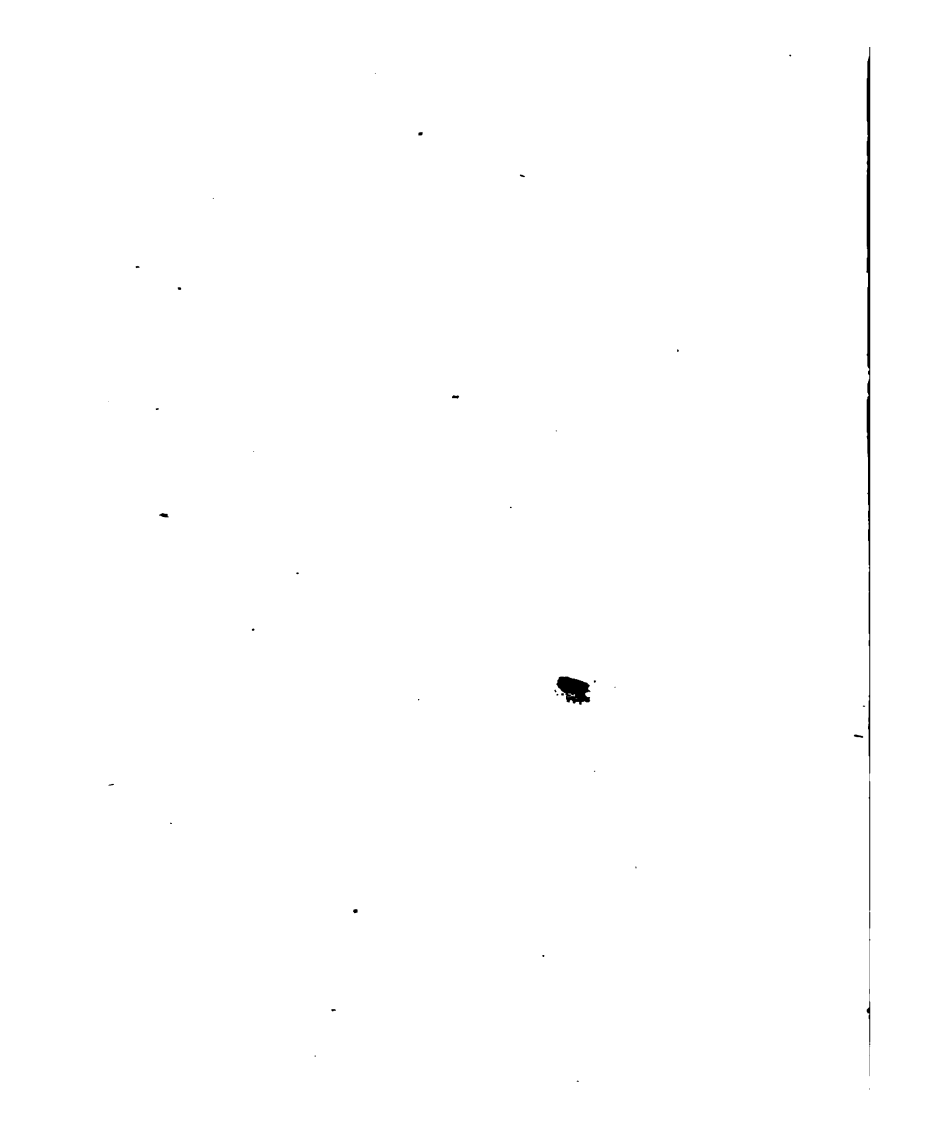
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An earnest soul, in error's dread embrace,  
Essayed this prayer, “ Oh grant me, Lord, the  
    grace

To know the truth Thy wisdom doth impart,  
And follow it. Yet in my inmost heart  
Thou knowest willfulness and pride hold sway.  
Unto Thy kingdom, teach me, Lord, the way.”

To her the Saviour answered lovingly,  
“ Let not this world's allurements hinder thee.  
'Tis in thine heart that heaven's blest kingdom  
    lies ;

With me, uplifted there, thy soul itself will rise;  
And when the Christ thy faith and life confess,  
Heaven's presence then thy very soul will  
    bless.”



# SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL.

---

## LIFE ETERNAL.

---

Two worlds there are: the one is real,  
The other but seeming; both are *here*.  
The seeming doth to us reveal  
Its attractions great and our friends most  
dear.

But greater far in the Spirit's light  
Are the pleasures of matter's sense bereft,  
When the world of the seeming fades from  
sight,  
And the real existence alone is left.

And dearer yet our friends will be  
When illusions of earth from our lives have  
passed,  
And the spirit from matter's bond is free,  
And the life eternal begun at last.

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

---

THROUGH the long vigil of the night,  
To greet the dawning of the light,  
I wait in peace, 'mid silence deep,  
By expectation held from sleep.

*Sustine me, Domine!*

Though dark and endless seems the gloom,  
Like to the quiet of the tomb,  
I wait contented without fear;  
The glory of the dawn is near.

*Judica me, Domine!*

The day is coming; Glorious Sun  
Of Righteousness! Thy will be done!  
Throughout the vast eternity  
Thy radiance shines triumphantly.

*Gloria tibi, Domine!*

“OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.”

---

Unto the holy temple faltering came  
A pilgrim, footsore, ragged, and forlorn;  
Weak and exhausted; weary, sick, and lame;  
By passions, doubts, and piercing sorrows  
torn.  
To the blest Virgin Mother's favored shrine  
he brought  
A heart with grief and tearful supplication  
fraught.

Whence comes this tranquil, holy, peaceful  
calm  
That doth upon his troubled spirit pour?  
He seems to hear the sweet, consoling psalm,  
“The Lord, Thy Shepherd, doth thy soul  
restore.”  
As thus the Mother kind his prayer anticipates,  
His heart with tender love and gratitude dilates.

## THE CONVERSION OF ST AUGUSTINE.

O BLESSED One! Thy life,  
Incarnate once for me,  
Now animates my soul,  
Enabling me to see  
Satan's devices deep,  
And each alluring snare.  
Call Thou my soul from sleep,  
Who dost all ill repair.

Around me float the clouds  
Of error, doubt, despair;  
Extend Thy mercy, Lord!  
Destroy me not,—forbear!  
But suffer me to live,  
Thy servant, Lord, to be.  
Father! Thy Spirit give  
To raise and quicken me.

Blest Mother of my Lord!  
Entreat of Thy dear Son  
That by this humble hand  
His bidding may be done.  
O Saviour! Let not pride  
Control nor hinder me.  
Forever at my side  
Deign Thou, my God, to be!

## REST AND PEACE!

---

A THANKSGIVING AFTER A MISSION.

---

JESU! Creator! God Omnipotent!  
To Thee in grateful praise each knee is bent;  
Powerless are banished evils to molest.  
Oh dwell forever with us, our Eternal *Rest!*

Sweet Jesus! Resting calm in Thy embrace,  
We know that Thou dost every sin efface;  
And in Thy loving arms all sorrows cease.  
Thou art our Rest, our Joy, our Life, our  
*Peace!*



THE LOVE AND JOY OF HEAVEN.

---

I LOVE Thy labor, Blessed Lord!  
Thy love is life to me ;  
And in the fulness of Thy grace  
A heaven of rest I see.

The rest Thou givest to Thine own  
Is not that carnal ease  
Indulged by those who idly seek  
Their own poor selves to please.

It is a rest of perfect joy,  
The joy of labor given  
The poor and sick for love of Thee,  
Which brings foretaste of heaven.

This little glimpse Thou givest now  
Of Thy blest heaven above,  
Incites me here to strive to gain  
That heaven of perfect love.

• And what does perfect love bestow  
But perfect peace and rest;  
And countless joys bestowed by Thee,  
Who knowest what is best?

Jesus! Sweet Saviour! Grant to me  
This perfect joy to know!  
In Thee alone that joy I find;  
Dear Lord, I love Thee so!

JESUS ONLY.

---

JESUS Only! This the burden  
Of the everlasting song  
Ever raised by angels holy;  
And the bright, celestial throng  
Bowing low in adoration  
Down before the Saviour's throne,  
Unto Him, the Sun of Heaven,  
Loud, ecstatic hymns intone.

Grace Ineffable and Wisdom!  
Joy and Life and Strength and Peace!  
Love and Goodness! Power Substantial!  
Thou whose glories never cease!  
Lost in loving adoration  
Thus we join the angel choir,  
Praising Him, that Life Eternal  
Unto Whom our souls aspire.

THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN.\*

O SAINTED father ! bishop, guide, and friend !  
What memories sad and sweet those titles  
blend !

Thy loving children in long retrospect  
Upon thy living, ardent faith reflect.

Thy zeal for God's great glory proudly  
shows

Where yon cathedral's massive walls repose.  
No longer doth thy presence grace that  
throne ;

The Eternal Bishop claims thee for his own.

Saint yet ~~uncanonized~~ ! With longing ear  
The faithful's invocation now I hear,  
When future ages shall thy life relate,  
"Ora pro nobis, saint and advocate !"

---

\* The first bishop of Providence.

## CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

---

As o'er the road of life we erring go,  
Oft, in the fainting spirit's darkest hour,  
Heaven's inspiration shineth round about,  
O'erwhelming us with sudden truth and power.

"Who art Thou, Lord?" at once we feebly ask,  
Although full well we know the God of Life  
Alone our dying spirits thus can rouse,  
Against Whose Will we waged a futile strife.

"What wilt Thou have me, Lord, to do?"  
Trembling, astonished, overcome, we ask ;  
Repentant, looking upward eagerly,  
We seek some heaven appointed task.

Let us, obedient, heaven's light implore,  
And follow it, however rough our road,  
With patient faith, for thus alone we gain  
The way to Truth, to Life, to Peace, to God.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

TO ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS,

MARCH 11, 1891.

---

CLEAR as the sky of early morn  
On this thy festal day,  
With starry gems o'er its vast expanse  
Shining in bright array,

Thus be thy memory's record fair;  
Be all life's clouds dispelled;  
And only the gems of thy life's reward  
Upon its tablet held.

May this bright, peaceful consciousness  
Greatly thy life prolong.  
Of a life nobly spent the memory is  
Eternal, clear, and strong.

## PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

---

ON PRESENTING A MIRROR TO A LADY.

---

THIS mirror, framed 'mid ancient carvings rare,  
Which hath for centuries the charms portrayed  
Of distant Persia's noblest ladies fair  
In splendors oriental bright arrayed;  
Destined to yet reflect a charming face,  
Of calm repose and with expression sweet,  
Reigning above a form of matchless grace;  
O Lady fair, with worthy charms replete!  
This souvenir I give to thee,  
Thus to fulfil its destiny.

## SHELLEY.

## AN ACROSTIC.

PEER of noblest poets bright,  
Eternal Truth's undaunted knight,  
Rich in energy of love,  
Clear in imagery of mind,  
Yielding to none in genius grand,

Battling 'midst a world unkind,

Shelley did his life devote  
Human welfare to promote.  
Eternal Spirit, Power of Good!  
Let inspiration high our natures flood,  
Loosing our minds from superstition's bond,  
Enabling earth's bewildering gloom profound  
Yet to bring forth a paradise of good.



## ALONE.

---

FEBRUARY, 1886.

---

ALONE in my dreary garret,  
High up from the noisy street,  
I think of two little cherubs,  
And dream that I hear their feet.

Up they come, joyously running,  
Perching one on each knee;  
And two little chubby faces  
Shower kisses sweet upon me.

'Tis sweet to conjure in fancy  
These two little faces so dear,  
But then comes a pang of sorrow,—  
Alas! they're not really here.

God's curse be on them that would part us !  
My children, so happy and bright !  
He yet will restore you to me ;  
He guideth all things aright.

Away, thou maddening fancy !  
I yet must endure and wait,  
Alone the vision has left me ;  
Alone in the gloom with my hate.

RESTORATION.

---

FEBRUARY, 1891.

---

God's justice overrules the hate of men,  
His bounty patient suffering will crown,  
Alike His favors and His chastenings bless,  
The humble He exalts, the proud casts  
down.

No longer 'mid the garret's squalid gloom  
I vainly hope, till hope to deep despair  
Is turned, whilst all the future promiseth  
Is sorrow, struggle, and incessant care.

Once more my home is happily restored,  
Again my darling children round me play,  
Effulgent, joyous rays of heavenly light  
Brighten the dawning of a better day.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

---

TRANSLATED FROM PAGE 12.

---

O Jesu! Tuus spiritus,  
 Pro me incarnatus antea,  
 Collustrat meam animam  
 Ut inferorum videam  
 Consilia et insidias.  
 E somno meam animam  
 Tu, Reparator, suscita!

Exspes mens mea aestuat.  
 Errores me obnubilant.  
 Per dubitationem da,  
 Domine, mihi veniam!  
 Parce, ut tibi serviam!  
 Sustine me et anima,  
 Pater, per Sanctum Spiritum!

Praeclara Mater Domini!  
 Tuum precare Filium  
 Ut manu mea humili  
 Fiat voluntas Domini,  
 Ne regat me superbia.  
 A fastu, Jesu, libera!

## TRUE CATHOLICISM.

You ask me why I am a Catholic.

I've tried to answer you in prose, in vain.  
From giving you a tedious, lengthy argument  
(The story is a long one) I refrain.

I am a Catholic because my heart

Yearns to extend its fellowship to all  
Who claim the sacred name of Christian, and  
my mind  
Finds no discrimination in the Master's call.

To make one fold under one Shepherd's care

And unity's most vital bond maintain;  
Professing everywhere alike one common faith,  
Acknowledging one universal Head to reign.

Holy and apostolic is that rule

Which doth the wondrous Son of God confess,  
Keeping our holy faith in its integrity,  
Extending now its universal reign to bless

All nations and all lands, throughout the earth,

Beneath its sway of spiritual power  
Which has its origin and strength in Thee, O  
Christ!

*Of yesterday to-day the same firmament!*

HYMN TO ST. ALOYSIUS.  

---

O Saint of Beauty! on whose princely brow  
There rests a crown of peerless innocence,  
Thy loving children come before thee now,  
Thy prayers entreating for their souls' defence.

Help of the Orphans! unto Jesus blest  
Offer their sufferings, piteous tears and woes.  
His love alone brings sweet relief and rest;  
His peace will give their aching hearts repose.

O noble Youth! child of the Sacred Heart!  
Whom Jesus loved so dearly as to deign  
His boundless grace unto thy soul impart,  
Choosing thee endlessly to share His reign.

Patron of Youth! implore faith's guiding light  
To lead our souls on to heaven's portal high,  
Till, in the dawn from purgatorial night,  
Into thine outstretched welcoming arms we fly.

AD REGINAM.

---

Thou who, of all on earth,  
Art to my soul most dear!  
Each moment's consciousness  
Reveals thy presence here.  
Nor space nor time can change  
This bond of sympathy;  
Naught can our souls estrange  
In their firm constancy.

My Queen! Thy faithful heart  
Calls me with eloquence;  
Where'er on earth thou art,  
My spirit hastens thence.  
With equal loyalty

*Though* My burning love insists;  
~~Thou~~ I am far from thee,  
Thy life in mine exists.

My own! Fate's tyranny  
Now seems to bow us down,  
And blighting care alone  
Appears our love to crown.  
Yet, in the future, dawns  
A day of joy and peace;  
The Power that blest our love  
Will give us sure release.

Our very life and love  
Declare a certainty  
That over every chance  
Triumphant they will be.  
The Life that gave them birth  
Maketh our spirits one.  
My Love! No power of earth  
Can sever us—mine Own!



## THE BÓDHISAT'S LOVE SONG.

## TANHA.

I sought and searched o'er the earth's wide  
vastness

For that dear soul I knew to be my bride;  
Alike in spreading vale and mountain fastness,  
In regions inland, or by ocean's side.

## KARMA.

But when to heaven I my search surrendered,  
Following gently where its guidance led,  
Full intuition to my soul was tendered  
And heavenly radiance on my path was shed.

DHYĀNA. *Fate's*

For then it was, when to ~~faith's~~ guidance bend-  
ing,

No longer striving to misshape my way,  
I recognized my own, O joy unending!  
And peace and love my trusting faith repay.

## ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

---

DECEMBER 21, 1891.

---

While doubts that from our human frailty rise  
Oft hinder us and thrust us far from Thee,  
Yet honest doubt that in the pathway lies  
Of those who love Thee and are wholly free  
To plead Thy cause and fight Thy battle well,  
Who yet for Thee would urge a flawless plea  
And most convincingly Thy gospel tell,  
May draw them even nearer yet to Thee.  
To such confirm, Dear Lord, their joyous faith,  
Strengthen the love that caused it, and inspire  
Wisdom and zeal, and faithfulness till death.  
Bid doubt and error from their minds retire,  
And when their hearts by fears and griefs are  
torn,  
Make them, Dear Lord, amidst the strife recall  
With love the wounds Thy Sacred Heart has  
borne  
And know in Thee their Lord, their God, their  
All!

THE MOST PERFECT THING IN THE WORLD;

THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

---

“I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”—*St. Paul.*

“That which is not God is nothing to me.”—*St. Teresa.*

MY GOD! Who ever art  
Unchangingly to me  
My All in All! My life  
Eternal is in Thee!.

MY FATHER! to Thy Will  
I helpless, trustful, cling;  
In Thine all boundeous Love  
Forgetting everything.

MY JESUS! Sweetest Name.

All other names above!

My King! no boon I crave—

No blessing—save Thy Love.

MY FRIEND! of friends most true.

Whose Love is infinite!

Grant that, forever, I

May in Thy Love delight.

MY PRIEST! Who searchest all,

To Whom each thought is known;

A mercy-seat of penance, make

Each inmost heart Thy throne.

MY LIFE! My being, Thou!

My life is only Thine;

For me there is no death

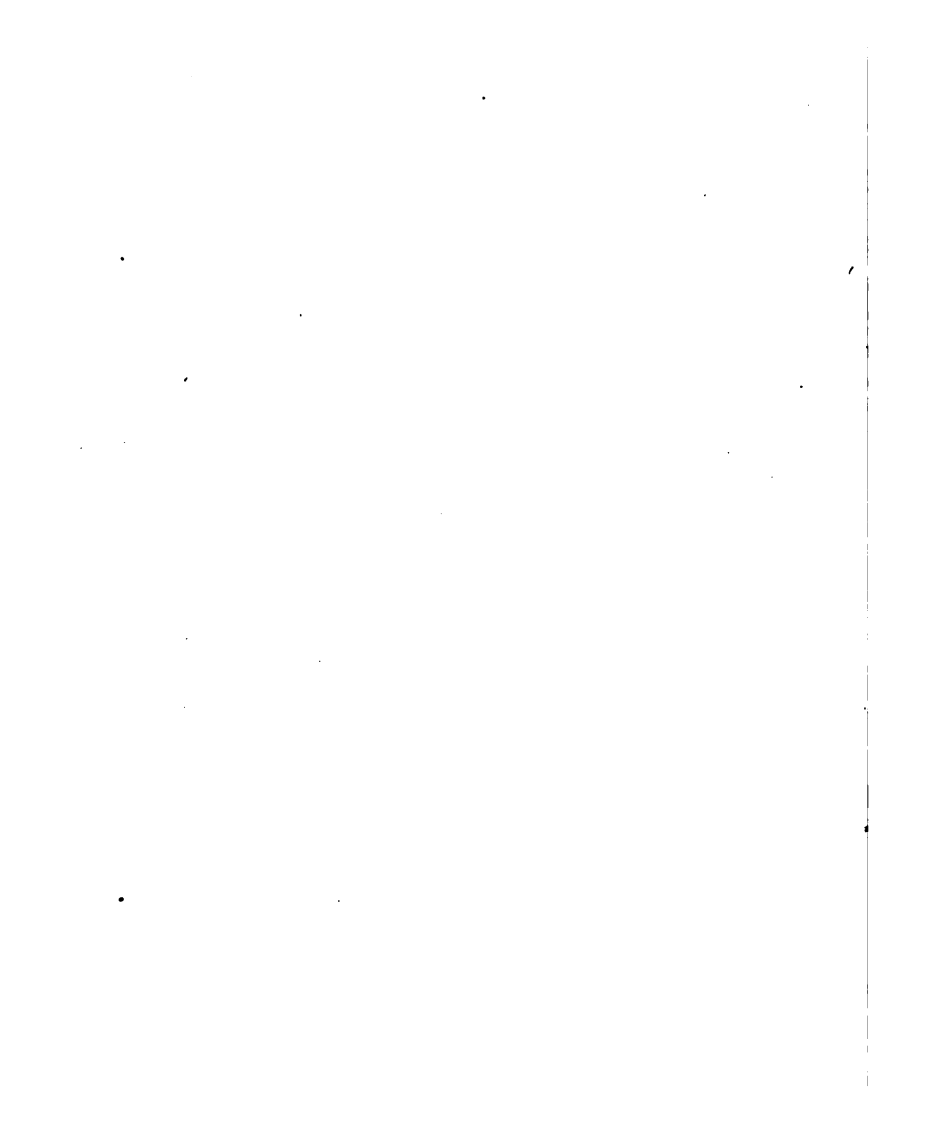
If only Thou art mine.

MY HEAVEN! All else is naught

Beside Thy Presence Sweet.

My life in Thine, Thy Life in mine—

Make thus my soul complete.



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